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Some Swindles Worked in the American Colony.

Paris, July 9.-If any one doubts the existence of the dishonest "sucker" daily born from the ranks of the respectable and well-to-do, what happened in the American colony all through the last Paris exposition summer will enlighten him. And, as a variety of the same game is being operated in Paris to-day, the tourist with a fondness for gambling will do well to take

An American gambler whose name is household word made the following proposition to an American newspaper corres pondent visiting the exposition for his

Do you announce in print that you have found a sure system to beat Monte Carlo roulette and that you are willing to give proofs beforehand I will give you the

"After you have seen the people who answer your letter, bring them to me as a witness that your system is good. I will give all the weight of my reputation in favor of it, and I will say that if you had only showed it to me sooner. I would not

give him an exhibition.

"What is that?" "I have a special roulette wheel at my apartments," answered the American gambler "The sucker will turn it himself, and you will ask me to play your system against it, because I am cool-headed and experienced. In fact, you always want me to play your money."

The sucker's money?" "Exactly. I will win in the exhibition and prove the value of the system. Though the sucker turns, the ball will fall where it

Then he will get his money ready for Monte Carlo; but the night before starting you will say it is a pity not to take with us the bank-roll of a little roulette snap you

know right here in Paris. "We will go to it. My partner runs it. I will play the sucker's money-and lose. Then perhaps he will write to London for

The newspaper man did not accept the proposition. Nevertheless, his curiosity being aroused, he expressed incredulity and in reply the American gambler confided to him that the plan was designed

particularly for Englishmen. "We have made a wad of money out of it already," he confided. "English sports

fall easiest. Listen. "In London the advertisement was answered by Lord Blank (the gambler gave the namel, who had his solicitor look up my standing in New York while he and a club friend examined the system. From New York came back word that I was a square gambler.

'What does that mean?" "I guess it means that if I borrow money I pay it back," grinned the personage; prolonged inquiry establishes the fact that this one trait of honesty in paying borrowed money is sufficient to confirm practitioner in the reputation of an "honest

gambler. "Lord Blank and his club friend, an officer continued the honest gambler. "He had £1,500 in English notes and gold. Before starting for Monte Carlo we took a whirl at my friend's roulette wheel, just to get our

hand in." "And then?" "And then I had £1,500. The system

broke down. It was nobody's fault. "And, say, there was no suspicion! week ago I met Lord Blank on the Longchamps racetrack.

'How is the system?' he asked; 'have you found the flaw?' 'I answered: 'Not yet!' "

All through the Exposition summer advertisements in the newspapers continue to appear, interspersed with letters to the editors proclaiming the discovery of new systems to beat roulette; and so well did the honest gambler choose his clients that his reputation in the colony was as good e left as when he came. mingled with good people in his hours of

Yet, note how justice got its work in on him! The man in all the world whom he admires most, the old American sport, Jones, he may be called, came to Paris, as his wont was, in the middle of the summer.

The foundation of Jozes's fortune, which is great, was laid in Paris baccarat c days of the Second Empire; and Paris baccarat is second nature to him. Therefore, when the old man comes to the gay capital he is now regularly fleeced by felcapital he is now regularly heleful by fellows not worthy to loose the latchet of his shoes. The word goes round the clubs that "Jones is on his way to Paris!" and the hungry tighten their belts and smile

honest gambler, sure that Jones our nonest gambier, sure that Jones could not go wrong, and proud to be in his society, began frequenting the *tripots*, or open clubs, with him. Against them, "in the saddle" at the Cercle de l'X—, was the great star of all the south of France, the present leader of the world found. present leader of the world-famed "school

f Toulouse. He may not be able, like the late Prof. Hermann, to palm a glass of wine, but, acting as chief croupler, he can do what he will with chips, and slip into the packs as he mixes them that part of a cold deck called a series that will mean the finish of

any banker. Clubs, both high and low class, to avoid loss of time, confusion, errors and disputes, have invented the baccarat banker's clerk called the croupier. He handles the banker's money, pays his losses and collects his winnings, all openly, on the table, under the openly, on the table, under the

re of the players.

Again for club reasons, to avoid the Again for clib reasons, to avoid the handling of bank notes and gold, they have adopted chips, with whose utility every poker player is acquainted. Any one will play a more liberal game with chips than with cold cash. They are more easily counted. And they permit the club cashier to lend thousands at usury, where he would not dare to lend hundreds in real money. Collecting the two Americans' winnings for them, paying their losses, the accom-

plished croupier would palm a neat little fortune at each sitting. The final result was what was to be expected. The exposition summer passed. The nonest gambler, whose name is a house-

sold word, went home to New York and Chicago without anything to show for all his industry but a good time and experi-ence of crooked baccarat. But others Of these lafer operators the pale, smooth-

faced man who variously describes himself as from Denver or from Butte, possessed (and still possesses) the neatest variation of the old game. I put him down as very clever, because, himself the victim of a vice, he turned that very weakness into

a new source of strength.

His pale face comes from opium smoking. At the hotel where he put up and was master for six months he had a gorgeous smoker's lay-out in the private parlor at-tached to his bed and bathroom. A few prominent people, including two New York women, he robbed after he had rugged them; and, ashamed to confess

they had sought the experience of opium

smoking, they let it pass in silence.
Ordinarily, however, his plan was onfess that he was in Paris to be cured of opium smoking. As a mine speculator in the West he had made a great fortune; he was an expert in mines and mine finances, but this vice had sapped his energy, and he would not go back to business until he

had conquered it.

Meanwhile he kept his eye on the gold mine stock quotations and talked gold mine to prospective victims. Where he got his printing done remains a mystery; but it was good printing.

Week after week he could show weekly pamphlets giving New York and Western

stock quotations and he would discourse on their ups and downs. He saw splendid opportunities, but he would keep them to himself till he got well.

Meanwhile he so threw money about that people said he must be the real thing.

onfessed himself to be a poker gamble , but as in each sitting he devoted his skill at second dealing to giving good hands to one player beside himself. always came out a winner with him; so, giving turn and turn about he won and One day he confided in a sap-head of

be so near broke to-day.

"Still, I will put in it what money I have, if the sucker will put in his. Then I will the sucker will put in his. Then I will the sucker will put in his. Then I will the sucker will put in his. Then I will the sucker will put in his. the Gloriola gold mine a few years before

he died.
"The boy, who has been abroad three years, does not know that the Gloriola struck it rich some time ago and that his block of stock is worth \$140,000. He has the shares with him in Paris along with his other papers.

"He thinks that maybe they are worth \$500—a sum which some New York broker | There is always an element of audacity offered for them three years ago. We can in the "Lamb's" jokes that makes them get them for \$10,000. "Oh, but I say, why offer him \$10,000 if he thinks they are worth only \$500?" inter-

rupted the sap-head. He was of a good English family and prudent.
"We must control his cupidity. If we offer to buy for \$500, he will cable to New York to find out how much Gloriola stock is worth, and learn that his block will bring

"I will tell him I know an English saphead—"
"That is?"

"Yourself. An English sap-head on whom he and I can unload his worthless Gloriola stock for, say, \$10,000. He must promise me half. Say, he will fall beautifully!"

The sap-head raised \$7,500, to which the man from Butte pretended to add \$3.500. This was not until after searching inquiries by cable had been made by the sap-head by cable had been made by the sap-head, and here showed the fine work of the man

from Butte.

Taking what purported to be a stock-broker's handy cable code book from his pocket, he submitted to the sap-head a list of high-class brokers in New York, with their registered cable addresses. I have said that his printing was well done.

The cable-code addresses must have been arranged beforehand in New York, because, although the answers came all right, the prominent firms purporting to tell in them that the block of Gloriola stock

So the sap-head fell to the amount of \$7,500. As for the pale-faced man from Butte, he took his opium layout to new

I regret to say, on a newcomer in the Ameriborrowed money is sufficient to confirm can colony with certain pretensions to the second-dealing, all-round, gold-brick social position. This is his work to lull suspicion and bring in new victives. The artist of the combination is a young Parisian of brilliant talents and address, of friends for wit. His candor in this particu-

llen from his lar was the first thing that recommended He is no longer permitted to deal bac-carat or écarté in any Paris club, not even tripots. Foreigners do not know this, and as his family, including two charming sisters, does his best to maintain the black opportunity to operate his second dealing

opportunity to operate his second dealing method as applied to poker.

Often the games include women of position, wealth and high morality. So much the easier, says the combination!

Not every one who wills may eat this easy bread, and a peculiarly atrocious variety of the confidence game recently operated in and outside of a particularly famous American bar exemplifies the dangers that beset the path of the would-be gers that beset the path of the would-be

A swindling poker combination had cor-A swinding poker combination had corrupted a young Englishman with promise of large profits if he would bring victims to the game. His will was greater than his power. He brought few victims. Therefore, as he was a youth with good connections, the dishonest combination arranged to transform him into a victim.

A pretended tenderfoot was brought into a five-handed game. The young a five-handed game. The young would-be crook, having been taught to execute a fraudulent manouvre with the cards, was allowed to win considerable ums from the pretended tenderfoot-sums which his partners took good care to make him divide at the end of each sitting.

Then came a bad moment. The pre-tended tenderfoot—a hard man and a sixfooter--caught him in the act of doing the card trick. His wrath seemed to be great. "You little British crook!" he cried, you've won 5,000 francs from me in three days with your crooked work! stick to you till you pay it back!

The partners of the would-be crook showed themselves cold and silent. One by one they left him with the wrathful tenderfoot until the latter called out to last of them:

I will ask you, sir, to come with us till this young man or his relatives make good the sums of which he has been robbing

The poor young Englishman had relaives with money here in Paris. He was was allowed to make his explanation is he pleased, but "get the money!" he wis told. So he got it. What confession he made to his family while the conspirators waited in the next room ready to denounce

nim, even they do not know.

This tale of recent effort in the condidence line would certainly be incom alete if I omitted the Americans for who he French police are looking in all parts of Europe. In Prussia, close to the frontier, of Europe. they call cockreaches "Russians." In Russia, close to the frontier, they call cockreaches "Prussians." These international courtesies are not uncommon. There

however, one notable exception. All over Europe they call the confidence bunco game "vol à l'Américaine," robbery on the American plan! And really, the neat work of these particular jokers almost fills the American abroad with a kind of unboly

patriotic pride. patriotic pride.

Their victims, chosen among the well-to-do middle classes of the large provincial cities, regularly suffer in silence. Agents in these cities must supply them very promptly with particulars of the deaths of

business men of this class. One or two days, as early as possible after se decease, the family receives in the mail of the dead business man a notice from The German American Provident Insurance and Investment Company," the name being

fe insurance is now due. The family is astonished and delighted.
"We did not know that father was in sured for 20,000 francs in such a company It is 20,000 francs picked up; but the shock "Papa has not paid his premium!"

The next thought is to send the premiur money and say nothing of the death until e receipt comes in This is what the Americans count or that the money flows in to them with de

GAMES WITH THE JOSS STICK, OUICK FORTUNE AT SOUR LAKE NEW TYPES OF THE LEHR WIT Porch Fireworks in the Country and New and Tender Telegraphy.

SOCIETY SEEMS TO FIND IT AS Take an observation of suburban veran-ENTERTAINING AS EVER. das any dark night and you will find that the joss stick is playing more than a useful part in summer-time economy. Humorous Description of a Horse and

is remarks are just as much quoted.

the "Lamb" and they roar over his sallies.

at a dinner of about ten persons. Th

guest of honor was a woman conspicuous

in the hunting set and famous as a cross

that night, and horse had been the subject

of conversation from the time the mea

began. Every attempt to settle on another

topic was adroitly frustrated by the lady

who got back to her favorite subject by

During all this discussion Mr. I ehr had

not said a word, once he realized that the

lady was going to keep the centre of the

stage. He had a habit of doing that sort

of thing himself and he was possibly a little

piqued. At all events, he seized a minute

of silence in the conversation to asser-

"A horse," he said solemnly, and in

Then he was silent again. In the laughter

that followed, the lady joined, and she did

There is always an element of audacity

especially piquant to his admirers. An-

other instance came out in his description

of an incident which attracted the interest

pered mysteriously, and with many ad-

that a young girl in Newport society had

eloped with a boy of her own age. The

rumor turned out to be untrue, but it ex-

cited Newport until the air cleared and

woman was absent from the Casino and

her other haunts for twenty-four hours

merely because she was sick at home with

a very commonplace malady which kept

her in the house. The boy's known de-

votion to her was the only other ground

It was being talked about at the Casine

the morning the rumor was heard, and the

gossip. in one group stood the "Lamb.

name of the heroine rushed up to him.

X's daughter?" she asked.

and a pink chiffon hat."

tion for the Lehr joke.

A woman wno had heard nothing but the

"What in the world is all this about Mrs

"She's eloped," answered Mr. Lehr in the

high-pitched, peevish voice that can be

with nothing but a Princeton freshman

His audience appreciated this joke so

escapage of the young girl had been alto-

gether lost sight of except as the inspira-

He is quite willing at times to make him

One day a party was bathing at Bailey's Beach. The other men rushed down to the water and jumped in, but the "Lamb"

hung back. The women who were not yet in the water began to laugh at him. He

cautiously put one toe in, but drew it out

"No, the water isn't cold," he said in response to their question. Then he added with a smile, "But it's so salty. And I'm

Many persons would fail to see humor

in these jokes. It is their appropriateness and familiarity that amuses Mr. Lehr's

particularly appreciative hearers. They are idle, not naturally witty themselves and not resourceful in devising ways of en

joying themselves. So they are grateful to anybody who amuse them. It will be seen from the quality of Mr. Lehr's humor

might seem.

He came into his present prominence

by his willingness to act in this capacity. He continued to appeal to the sense of

humor of a very wealthy and sincerely important dowager, and the sight of the two in the lady's box at the opera was an

interesting feature of several seasons. The "Lamb," as he was already called then

used to have so many amusing things to

say about the people in the boxes and about the proceedings on the stage that the lady

the last year and is quite a contrast in ap pearance to the pink-faced blond young

man who came north from Baltimore about

iokes came much more amusingly

thing else to injure his prospects.

ten years ago determined to climb to the heights of New York social life. The Lehr

him at that time than they do to-day. Now he takes up so much of the seat in a victoria

that the other person looks crowded and this increase in size will do more than any-

Persons who observe such importan

matters have discovered that a new arrival

on the social scene has made Mr. Leitr's retirement as the favorite of the smart set likely to be sooner than might otherwise be expected. This young man, who arrived here on Saturday, is Mr. Lehr's most intimate friend, and since his arrival here

the two have been together as constantly at they were in New York last winter. So if Mr. Lebr fears his rival, he is generous

enough not to allow it to interfere with his

The newcomer, who is an artist, has for

the last two or three years enjoyed in a high degree the favor of society. He has some small means, comes of a family that

had never been known in society, and is just now more in demand than any other man in New York. It is he who has been

pointed out as the certain successor to the

seem fitted to enjoy these social honors.

He gave several entertainments last winter in New York, and will probably entertain here just as he did last year.

The "Lamb" never had a chance to show what he could do as an entertainer on his

own account before marriage, because he could not afford to. He arranged other

people's parties, however, and his successor has done the same. One of the smartest

has done the same. One of the smartest entertainments given last winter in New York was devised entirely by this young man, and the hostess had only to pay her bills and give him a list of guests.

His own parties were of an original character. One was Japanese, and the guests who were dressed in the costumes of Japan sat on the floor and ale Japanese.

deticacies out of Japanese dishes. The dinner was served by Japanese, and the

whole affair was intended as an exact re

entertainment.

A dinner given early this spring to twenty guests was held in an uptown restaurant overlooking the river. The part of the balcony set off for the young man's

of the balcony set off for the young mana-guests was inclosed in branches of cherry trees laden with blossoms, and the table was under a canopy made of the same leaves and flowers. Birds hung in tiny

entertainment.

glass cages in the foliage.

on the social scene has made Mr. Lehr's

for the rumor.

was shown that this particular young

monitions not to "mention it to anybody,

not return to her topic that evening.

legs, one at each corner."

hook or crook.

country rider. She had mounted her hobby

On this occasion Mr. Lehr was a gues

This being the great mosquito year, joss Observations Upon an Erroneous Rehad to be burned, of course, to keep the port of an Elopement Which the New-Culex pungens and the Culex sollicitans port Set Has Decreed Delicious. -they're just plain mosquitoes-out of NEWPORT, R. I., July 18 .- The present the apertures of peekaboo waists and shoofly summer at Newport has brought no dimistockings. That was the utility of it. Now nution in the social conspicuousness of for something else. Harry Lehr, despite the prophecy that he Young folks assembled on country

would disappear from sight after his mar porches soon saw that the limber joss stick, riage. He is as much on view as ever, and waved lightly in the air, would of itself trace fantastic patterns of fire. By experimenting All Newport has heard, for instance they found that even one person with a joss of the dinner party last week at which stick in each hand could perform wonders he distinguished himself with a joke in the of weaving with the burning points, and most characteristic Lehr vein. Mr. Lehr's hree or four persons, cooperating, could humor is not for all markets. Many persons achieve surprisingly beautiful results. The would not laugh so heartily at it, but his effect, of course, is most pleasing to those audiences are faithful. They still call him who sit at a distance.

Down in Bensonhurst they call this diversion porch fireworks.

There's another game they play that has een named joss conversation-only most of the boys and girls say "josh," and usually the mispronunciation is not without its application

Joss conversation consists in writing in the air with the bit of fire something for your companion on the veranda to decipher. If it's only a short word or if it's a word with plenty of loops and hooks almost any person can make it out. But longer words and sentences require a practised reader. For example, when the pretty daughter of a public man wrote the other night "The hammock on the other side is empty," the didn't, but another fellow did-and acted

So you see it's a good game for none but tone that could be heard by all at the table the brave and the fair and the nimble-"A horse is an oblong animal with four witted.

> THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT. Heard in the City in Summer, When

All the Windows Are Open. Now are they heard again, minus a few old ones, perhaps, but with as many new ones added," said Mr. Gozzleton; "the myriad voices of the summer night, that come to us at this season in the city, when all the windows are open and people live more or less out of doors.

"We hear now once more the talking of the people sitting on the steps across the way, and the voices of the folk sitting at their open windows, and the sound of the children playing in the street.

Once more we hear the yearning notes of the ambitious violin player whose aspirations so far exceed his art, and the biff, biff, bang of many pianos, and the soaring and the deep descending notes of many singers. "And you hear the soft strumming of the gentle guitar, and the notes of the more metallic mandolin. And occasionally you

hear some maternal voice calling:
" 'Willie, you'll have to come in, now place buzzed with the delightful piece of "All familiar sounds, and not unfriendly to those long accustomed to their annual recurrence.

"Of those that are missing one is the sound of the melancholy flute. I can re-

member well when no neighborhood summer night symphony would have seemed complete without a flute coming in now and then, but as a matter of fact I haven't heard a flute among these summer night sounds for years. I think the flute heard by all near him. "She's eloped night sounds for years. must have gone out of fashion; if we are not less sentimental than we were we are less pensive, and the flute was peculiarly a much that by dinner time the reported pensive instrument, one commonly played n solitude

"Now, the fiddle is sympathetic, and it may be sentimental, still, in all its wailings, it has more or less of vigor, and we are likely to play the fiddle, not alone, but with somebody, as with some kind person struggling faithfully to accompany us on the pine description. the piano, dropping whole bars and gallopa cog, or lingering with dazed bewilder-ment over the keys as we maunder, rapt, on the strings. Yes, we still hear on sum-mer nights the chromatic yearning of the

fiddle, but no longer now the flute "Nor do we hear in these days the notes of the once every season familiar key bugle; and the singularly sharp and frightfully flat, the alternately violently explosive and choking effects produced by the ama-teur on that noble instrument are sounds that I miss greatly. But I haven't heard a key bugle in my neighborhood for years.

"And the same is true of that ripely mel low instrument the French horn. I don't know when I have heard an amateur play-

ing on a French horn. The French horn seems to have gone, with the key bugle, to join the melancholy flute. A strange "But, if we miss these, we have now new sounds to take their places, the chug, chug,

chug, of the hustling auto scurrying through the block, and we hear now the music of the automatic piano players—of many of hem, and the sounds of many phonographs, til peculiarly modern.
"If some of the old voices have gone, new

ones have come, and so the grand volume is not decreased; it is greater now, if any-thing, than ever—the chorus of the myriad this season in the city, when all the windows

was always laughing, whatever the subject of the opera might be. The "Lamb" has got heavy during HOME OF THE GAIETY GIRL. Noteworthy History of the London Theatre That Has Just Been Closed.

The Gaiety Theatre in London, which has just ended a prosperous existence of thirtyfive years, is interesting to New Yorkers as the home of the original "Gaiety girl" who added so much to the joy of living

here and in other American cities. Other incidents in the career of the theatre that make it interesting to Americans were the first English appearances there of W. J. Florence and his wife, of

Henry E. Dixey, Nat Goodwin and John T. Raymond. The theatre was opened on Dec. 21, 1868 In the earlier years of the theatre's existence the programmes were not wholly confined to burlesque and some of the actors who appeared there then were Henry Irving, John L. Toole, Adelaide Neilson Henry Neville and Madge Robertson.

Burlesque soon became the policy of the theatre, although were occasionally acted, and the Comedic Française company made its only appearance in England at this theatre. John Hollingshead was the manager of the theatre until 1836, and it must be said that during the season of burlesque there the stitution was no credit to the drama. Men about town in London, decrepit Earls and rich lordlings had access to the stage as freely as if they were actors in the performance. The pretty women in the chorus paid little or no attention to their work, left during the performance if they were so inclined and were said to

ignore for months at a time the envelopes containing their salaries.

H. J. Byron and F. C. Burnand supplied most of the burlesques in those days. Nellie Farren, Arthur Roberts, Fred Leslie, Kate Vaughn, Phyllis Broughton, Letty Lind, E. J. Lonnen, Florence St. John, Sylvia Grey, John Monkhouse and Marion Hood were some of the artists who took part in these performances. Kate Vaughn, who died a year ago, was the inventor of the skirt dance which was for a long time identified with the Gaiety's productions. George Edwardes, the manager of the theatre until its close, changed the régime established by Hollingshead and made the Gaiety as respectable as any playhouse in London. He made burlesques the prin-

cipal feature, but foreign actors also played there. Augustin Dalv's company appeared at the Gaiety for several seasons. The Gaiety knew few failures and during the last decade of its existence any musical farce produced there was sure to run

TALES OF LUCKY MEN IN THE NEW TEXAS OIL FIELD.

The Excitement Greater Than at Beaumont in the Early Days-Most of the Money Made in Land Speculation-Men Made Rich in a Few Weeks or Months.

SOUR LAKE, Tex., July 18 .- Four months ago this place had a population of about thirty people. It has to-day a population of more than 7,000.

The only buildings here when the great oil boom was started were the hotel which provided accommodation for people who came to take the waters of the medicinal springs nearby and a few straggling shacks occupied by workmen. There are at this time scores of brick and frame business buildings in course of erection, and thousands of land boomers, oil speculators, fakirs of almost every description, substantial business men and investors are camped in tents.

The excitement to be witnessed here daily is far beyond that which characterized the early development of the Beaumont oil field. Sour Lake is only twenty-one miles from Beaumont, and practically all the Beaumout oil producers and land speculators are represented here. In addition thousands of men have come from all over the country.

The climax has not been reached, and it is predicted that by January Beaumont will be far outstripped and that Sour Lake will have a population of 50,000. This is probably an extravagant estimate. The chances are that while Sour Lake will be young man who was expected to read it a great producing district, Beaumont will continue to be the principal oil-distributing centre.

> Oil men say that the Sour Lake oil field is the most extensive in the world. The proved oil territory is already several mes larger than the Spindle Top oil field at Beaumont and is being widened each lay. It is the theory of some oil men that this oil field has a direct connection with that of Spindle Top and that a continuous field, extending for more than thirty miles and running portheast and southwest. will be developed in the course of a few

> who are making money fastest at Sour Lake at this time. The demand for oil land is so great that prices advance each day. When the boom started land could be bought for \$5 and \$10 an acre. The same land is now selling for from \$10,000 to \$50,000 an acre. Land not situated in the proved oil territory sells readily for \$1,000 an acre.

A town site company laid off a tract of ground for a great city here a few weeks ago and began selling lots for \$100 each. Some purchasers of lots at that price have since sold them for as much as \$3,000 each. Some large fortunes have been made quickly. Men who came here a few weeks

ago with only a few hundred dollars have realized profits amounting to many thousands of dollars by buying and selling land. One of these fortunate investors was James Mason of Atlanta, Ga.

He was on his way to California on a acation trip. He heard so much talk on the train between New Orleans and Beaumont about the new Sour Lake oil field that he decided to stop over for a day. That was about six weeks ago. He became so interested the first day he spent here that for \$500 he purchased twenty acres of land, situated some distance from what was then the proved oil field.

The oil field was rapidly widened until it. reached his tract of land. He sold his twenty acres several days ago to the representatives of an eastern syndicate for \$100,000 cash. The land is considered to be worth several times that amount to-day. Mr. Mason has returned to Atlanta and after he has made good interest bearing investments of his money he will journey to Cali-fornia in his own private car.

R. E. Brooks, formerly Judge of the net profit in one day about two weeks ago. He bought a tract of oil land in the morn and sold it a few hours later at an advance of \$200,000 in price over what he had paid

George A. Hill, formerly a railroad excursion agent employed by the Mexican Central Railroad went through the oil boom at Beaumont. He came to Sour Lake with the advance guard of boomers. He had a few thousand dollars in money and lots of experience. He has used both of these assets to advantage and is now reputed to be worth fully \$800,000, all made within the past three months. John T. Smith, chief clerk in the State Comptroller's department at Austin, acquired three years ago for about \$300 tract of land embracing eighty acres, situated nine miles from Sour Lake in what

is known as the Saratoga oil field. He has already sold seven acres of the land for \$10,000 in cash and has been offered \$120,000 for the remainder.

Even the blue-print men, the fellows who came here from nobody knows where and were without a cent upon their arrival, have made money. These men sell blue-print maps of the oil field to prospective

investors.

One of them is J. L. Dixon, who a little more than four weeks ago was a homeless man travelling about the country in search f a location where he might stand a chance of improving the condition of himself and family. He and his family were travelling by wagon and had reached Beaumont.

They made camp there expecting to remain a few days while Dixon sought work. While looking for a job he heard something about the excitement at Sour Lake and thinking that a good place for securing employment he trudged the entire distance on foot, leaving his destitute family behind to await his return. When he reached here he had only \$1.65 in his pocket. His clothes were in tatters.

was employed to do odd jobs around town for a few days. He then made an arrangement with the wner of a certain tract of land whereby he was to receive all over a certain stipu-lated price for which he could sell the land. Through his persistent hustling he sold the land at a price much greater than that fixed by the owner and obtained as his

profit out of the transaction the title to a tract of five acres of proved oil land and the additional fee of \$10,000 in cash. The oil land is easily worth \$50,000.

From poverty to affluence in four weeks was a record-breaking accomplishment. When the deal was finally made and Dixon when the deal was inany made and Dixon had his affairs in good shape he struck out for Beaumont. The first thing he did when he arrived there was to purchase elething ard an abundance of food supplies for his wife and children.

The seare only a few of the many instances which are related of fortunes work here.

which are related of fortunes made here quickly. The syndicate of which former Governor J. S. Hogg is a member has add d several millions of dollars to its wealth.

John W. Gates, the well-known specu-

lator of New York and Chicago, is said to have added greatly to his wealth by his investments here. He is the principal stockholder in the Texas Company, got in on the ground floor here several months ago by purchasing a solid tract of of what is now the proved oil field, It paid approximately \$1,000,000 cash for the land. What it is worth to-day is hard to say. Some people think that it could easily be sold for \$25,000,000 if divided into good to be say.

sell any part of it, and they are doing very little development work upon it. It is understood that they are holding it until the remainder of the oil territory has been punctured with wells and well drained, when they will open it up.

Former Governor Hogg was at one time interested in the Texas Company, but was frozen out by Mr. Gates. That occurred

some time before the Sour Lake boom be-

The Texas Company has a six-inch pipe line in operation between Sour Lake and Beaumont. It handles the oil of other producers. The J. M. Guffey Petroleum Company also has a pipe line running from here to Port Arthur by way of Beaumont. Three other pipe line companies are being built from this place to Beaumont, or, more perly speaking, they are to lead from oil field here to the loading racks at

e on hear saumont. The oil field covers so large a territory nat it is difficult to obtain information has of producing wells. New Beaumont. as to the number of producing wells. wells are being brought in each day. Derricks are to be seen scattered all over the country for miles around the town. The rells each yield from 1,000 to 5,000 barrels

The Southern Pacific has just built a branch line of railroad to Sour Lake and an electric road is being constructed from Beaumont to this place.

NEW FOOTBALL ARMOR.

Tale Squad Will Be Busy This Summer De vising a Substitute for Leather.

NEW HAVEN, July 18 .- Mike Murphy Yale's trainer, is at work devising some new headgear for the Yale football squad the coming fall, to take the place of the old leather head guard which the new Yale Harvard rules has barred from the game. According to the new rule, no heavy guard of any kind can be used by the players with the single exception of the shoulder guards. The old-time leather straps will be retained, but the copper shin guards. the padded leather breast guard and the old headgear have been called in. The Yale trainer, as well as many of the candidates for next year's 'varsity eleven. will spend the summer planning for a headgear that will furnish protection to the player's head and yet be soft enough to be allowable under the new rules.

"There will be twenty or more different lead arrangements," said Mr. Murphy to-day, "ready for us to try the 1st of September, when the men come back to Yale who are to try for the football team. Every one of us interested in football is trying to solve the problem and get something pliable and yet which will offer sufficient protection to the men. There ought. under the circumstances, to be a good assortment of headgear from which to select just the one we need. "All kinds of material that is suitable to

he purpose will be used. Leather, of course, s deharred because it is too hard, and th d-time head guards were too rough. My idea is that something can be devised from felt that will answer the purpose. Felt is a good protector and is not too hard According to the old style a man of these head riggings could inor use. with one of these head riggings could in-flict an awful blow by jumping into the game and it is much better for all the players to have that cut out. Rubber head guards may be tried. The coaches will try what seems best adapted and then go to work to improve on it. We hope to have a suitable uniform throughout by the time the squad is called out to practise. Heretofore the football candidates have worn copper plates with a padding as covering on their legs to protect them. That kind of guard is not allowed under the new regulations. The new one will have to be of less dangerous material, probably a thick padding of felt."

THE BOX CATCHER

Wears Gloves, Like the Ball Player, but With a Little Different Purpose.

Ball players are not the only men who wear gloves for the protection of their hands in catching. The men who receive from the box factory the empty packing boxes are very likely to wear gloves, too, in catching the boxes as they are thrown

A truckload of such boxes is backed up to the curb and unloaded by throwing the boxes from the truck to the building, across the sidewalk.

In catching a load of small wooden boxes the catcher may have hundreds to catch, one after another, right along in a stretch -the mere catching of so many is quite a feat—and gloves are a good thing to wear in the work. But as the boxes are tossed at him, easily, not violently thrown, the box catcher does not, like the ball player, wear padded gloves to protect himself from impact and shock, but just good, stout buckskin gloves to protect his hands from by box corners or torn by nail

reads and by slivers. POSING FOR SONG PICTURES. Queer Business That Is Carried On by Some

Photographers. From the Philadelphia Record A pretty girl stood beside a kitchen table in a room with a ceiling of glass. Her sleeves were turned back over her white arms and she wore the short skirt and the high-heeled hoes of the maid of the theatre.

"Ready?" she asked. From a corner a man behind a camera inswered "Ready." She buried her hands in a pan of dough that was on the table before her and the man photographed her in that attitude. Now there came from a lressing room a gentleman of middle age n evening clothes. He posed himself beside the busy girl. He sat on the table, bendng over her, very friendly. "Ready?" he

"All ready," the photographer answered A picture was made of the pretty maid nd the friendly, middle-aged gentleman in evening dress who sat beside her while

Then the gentleman, taking hold of the maid's chin gently, turned her pretty face up to his. He looked down upon her roguishly, tenderly. "Ready?" he asked.

A third picture was made. Now the elderly man took the beautiful girl in his arms. He placed his lips on hers. He said "Ready? this time in a somewhat muffled voice, and when he detached himself after the picture had been taken from the entwining maid the prints of her flour-covered hands and arms stood out with amazing distinctness on the back of his black coat.

A woman, middle-aged and by no means fair, entered. The man and the maid stood far enough apart now, but there on the back of his coat were those two white arms and hands. The woman took up a rolling pin. 'Ready?" she asked. "Let her go," said the photographer

The woman brought down the rolling pin on the man's head and at the same time a picture of the blow was made. It was a genuine blow—a blow that hurt, "Ouch," the man said, and he looked at the woman vindictively. She now took up a bucket of water that stood at hand.

water that's tood at hand.
"Rendy?" she asked.
"All ready," said the photographer.
She hurled the water over the man. It went in his mouth and up his nose. It drenched him thoroughly. He grunted at the shock. Another picture.
Finally the woman took the bag of flour that stood on the table and threw this on the man. It made him whiter than a tombstone. The photographer, the woman and the pretty girl baughed heartily, but the elderly man smiled in a rueful manner.
"This," he said, the last picture having been taken, "is strenuous posing for fair. I've carned my money here, all right, all right."
"That's what you have," said the photographer. "Now, hurry into the bathroom and bathe before the flour and water form a crust on you."

The photographer then handed to each

The photographer then handed to each of these three persons a greenback, and the episode was ended.

"What meaning," a farmer from the interior would have asked, "does this strange episode have? Why were these strange pictures made? Why did you put our middle-aged friend in the full-dress evening suit to such atrocious sufferings?"

The photographer would have answered:
"Why, you see, we are illustrating a comic song. It is a song about a man that makes love to a maid servant and gets caught by his wife. She heats him. These pictures I have taken illustrate lines in the song. The pictures will be thrown on a screen in a darkened theatre, and a man and a woman will stand alongside of the screen, and sing the song, the pictures changing as the song goes on, each line being illustrated with an appropriate, more than life-size, photograph."

QUEST FOR THE GILDED YOUTH

DISAPPOINTING PURSUIT FOR VISITORS IN NEW YORK.

They Go to the Barroom Where the Gilded Youth Should Disport Itself and Find Only Other Seekers Like Them-

selves-The Panorama of Interest, Country folks visiting New York have an tching desire to see a certain uptown barroom where, as they have learned from heir papers at home, the gilded youth of he town are to be seen conducting them-

elves as becomes gilded youth. Those who have sat in the deeply padded cats and seen country folk when they enter the place for the first time have usually detected a certain trace of disappointment in the faces of the visitors. The high and rather sombre apartment, with its dark furniture and few pictures is not the splendid thing they had expected.

There is no glitter of cut glass and silver. The barkeepers do not wear diamond pins. Even the cashier is an ordinary mortal.

Disappointment awaits the visitor elsewhere. He looks in vain for the expected double row of young millionaires, each with a family name known to Wall Street and to fashion, lined up at the bar drinking particolored liquors out of gilded goblets. The air is not momentarily shattered by the pop of champagne corks in half a dozen spots at once.

There is no opulent hum of conversation, and the familiar great names of finance are not called across the room. If the visitor happens to have a really observant eye he must note that the clothes of most of those whom he sees in the room have the cut to which he is accustomed in his

Perhaps he entered with some conscious. ness of the fact that his new summer suit, as he saw himself reflected in a great miras he saw himsen renected in a great mir-ror, fitted a good deal like the parts of the stovepipe in the kitchen at home. Looking round at the men who stroll about the place or are seated at the little tables, he notes hat the prevailing fit of their clothes has the same characteristic. Most of them are in unmistakably new

garments that are worn by their possessors in evident consciousness of that fact. A few men of a different style of dress, a style unquestionably metropolitan, do saunter in and out of the room, peck at the free lunch, call one another. Tom, Dick and Harry, take a peep at the billiard players in the next room, and so disappear. It requires a strong effort of the rural imagination, to believe these men part of the finanial or the fashionable world Disappointment equally awaits the rural visitor in the next room, where a crowd

is variously engaged in playing billiards, reading the newspapers, writing letters and drinking things out of tall glasses. Women sit here with the men, and it is here that the rural visitor comes with his wife or sister in the hope of seeing the fashionable women of New York drink cocktails and whiskey sours, a habit which his home paper has taught him to believe general in the fashionable world. Here for a moment he does see women in their best clothes drinking along with the men, but his wife or his sister is easily able to assure him that it is not the fash ionable world upon which they are looking. The women of his party may even be able

to identify some one of the gorgeously dressed women as the wife or daughter of a local magnate in their own chief city in the West or South, and country folk do not come to New York to see their own neighbors disport themselves, so the country visitors leave the barroom disappointed and convinced that the splendors of New have been overdrawn.

Meanwhile the country visitors of all sorts are unconsciously ministering to

the amusement of a few New Yorkers who have learned to regard that particular barroom and its adjoining apartments as a sort of social exchange for the whole country outside of New Y his Scotch and seltzer, the

sees a social panorama of the United States unrolled before him.

The big man with the sombrero over there, as he lifts his glass to his lips, ex-hibits a pudgy hand with a finger gone, enduring record of some long past quarre in a different kind of barroom somewhere in the far Southwest. There, mixing his own mint julep, is a right Kentuckian with mustache and imperial. Just opposite is a soft-voiced

Alabamian chewing tobacco, and talking of the cotton crop and Wall Street The large, wise, rawboned, grizzled old fellow in ill-fitting clothes of excellent texture is a multi-millionaire from the Rocky Mountain region, New England born, twice or thrice emigrant from his pioneer homes, familiar now with New York, the West

and Europe, humorous, generous and hard at a bargain.

The New Yorker recognizes Southern and Western Congressmen, local great men from half a dozen distant cities of the Republic, and knows that some of the gayly dressed women in the next room are their wives and daughters. He knows, too, that some of the metropolitan looking men that glide in and out and peck at the free lunch and name one another familiarly are birds of prey, with keen eyes upon those who go to make up the personnel of the great Ameri-

CAPTIVE AMONG THE MOORS. Experience of the London "Times's" Cor-

can social exchange.

respondent Captured by Brigands. Walter B. Harris, the correspondent of the London Times in Morocco, after three weeks of very unpleasant captivity among the brigands in northern Morocco, has at last been permitted to rejoin his friends. Being a white man he was regarded as a very valuable captive and his release was obtained only by the exchange of sixteen men who had been captured from the tribe

that held him a prisoner. The natives who caught Harris are among the mountaineers who have never admitted the right of the Sultan of Morocco to impose taxes upon them; and of course they are part and parcel of the rebels who have recently been making so much trouble for the Moroccan Government. They did not exert themselves to make their white captive enjoy his short stay among them.

For nine days he was unable to wash or change his clothing, for thirty-six hours he was left in solitude with nothing to eas and for several days a headless corpse occupied the room in which he was confined, and it was intimated to him that his physical appearance would soon resemble that of the hapless victim of the brigands whose remains he saw before him

Harris, however, lives to tell the story f his captivity, and it will doubtless make good newspaper reading. No other white man in Morocco has in recent years had so many interesting stories to tell of his ersonal adventures as Harris. He first brought himself into notice a

few years ago by his venturesome journey in disguise to the chief town of one of the fanatical mountain tribes, who would have killed him without any prellminaries they had suspected that he was a whi

At that time he knew no Arabic not at of the native tongues, and though his was stained to the proper Moroccan and the native costume sat well upon him he would not have been able to travel a mile among the mountains if he had not pretended to be a deaf mute. He had with n his conversations for him.

When approaching the town which white man had ever entered he pass wo men on foot, who decided that a white man, and when they reachesame place a few hours after Harris rival they lost no time in spreading news that one of the hated foreigners withere in disguise. The report caused not excitement, with the result that in the darness of night Harris, who had been red ness of right Harris, who had been feets guised as a woman at the home of his servan; stole out of the town and made his wa back to Tangier, travelling only by high and hiding in the forests in the daytime. Harris has spent a long time in More and probably no white man is better acquainted with the natives and their country than this adventuresome European

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